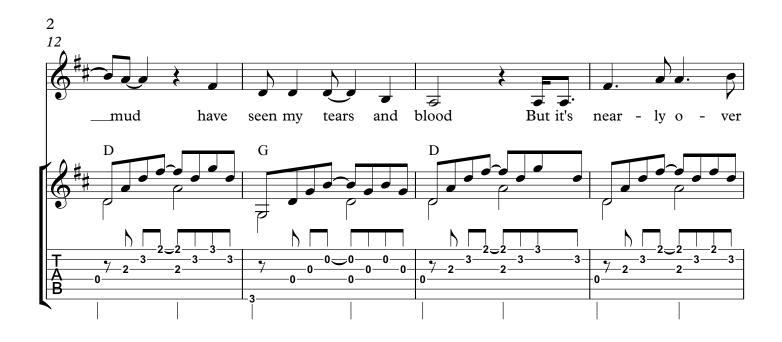
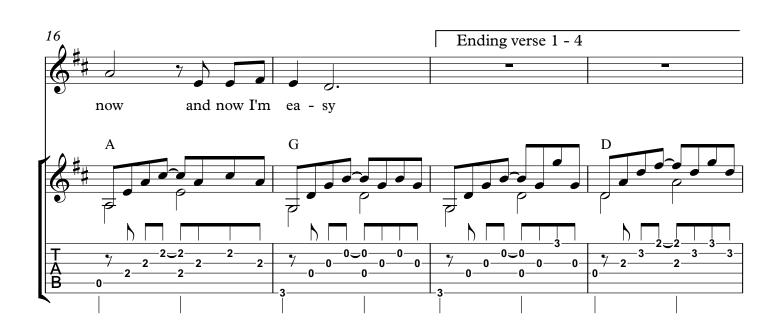
# Now I'm Easy

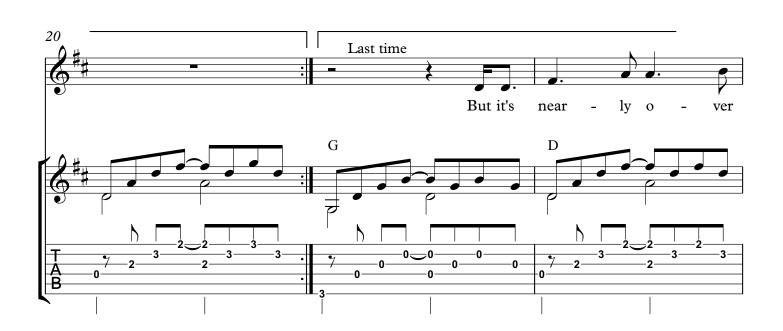
Fingerstyle Guitar Accompaniment & Vocal

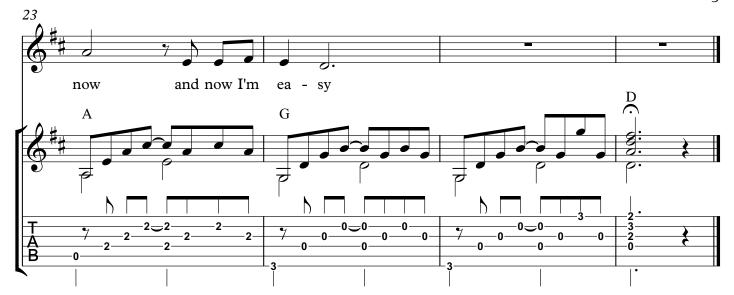
Eric Bogle











## Verse 1

For nearly sixty years I've been a cocky
Of droughts and fires and floods I've lived through plenty
This country's dust and mud have seen my tears and blood
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy

#### Verse 2

I married a fine girl when I was twenty But she died in giving birth when she was thirty No flying doctor then, just a gentle old black gin But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy

### Verse 3

She left me with two sons and a daughter
And a bone-dry farm whose soil cried out for water
So my care was rough and ready but they grew up fine and steady
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy

## Verse 4

My daughter married young and went her own way My sons lie buried by the Burma Railway So on this land I've made my own I've carried on alone But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy

### Verse 5

City folks these days despise the cocky
Saying, with subsidies and all we've had it easy
There's no drought or starving stock on a sewered suburban block
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy